

PROFESSOR REED'S

ORATION

BEFORE THE

ZELOSOPHIC SOCIETY.

AN
ORATION
BEFORE THE
ZELOSOPHIC SOCIETY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA:

MAY 18, 1848,

(WITH A FEW NOTES, APPENDED:)

BY
HENRY REED,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA;
AND MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, MAY 22, 1848.

PROFESSOR HENRY REED,

Dear Sir;

We have the honour to transmit to you the thanks of the Zelosophic Society for the very able and impressive Oration delivered before it on Thursday, May 18th, and to request a copy for publication.

Accept from the Society its very grateful remembrances, and from ourselves the highest regard and esteem.

With much respect, we remain,

Yours, &c.

J. LANES SELLERS,

A. OWEN STILLE,

WILLIAM H. TAGGART,

Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 24, 1848.

GENTLEMEN;

I had the pleasure of receiving yesterday, your letter of the 22d inst. informing me that it is the wish of the Zelosophic Society to publish the Address delivered on the evening of the 18th. A copy of it shall be communicated to you for the purpose.

Let me add, that while the postponement of the Address was a matter of regret to me, it gives me occasion to acknowledge the delicate and friendly consideration shown by the Society for me in a season of domestic affliction which was the cause of the delay.

With sincere regard for yourselves and your fellow members,

I am, very truly,

Your friend,

HENRY REED.

Messrs. J. Lanes Sellers, A. Owen Stille, William H. Taggart,

Committee.

TO

THE REV. SAMUEL B. WYLIE, D. D.

Emeritus Professor of Languages, University of Pennsylvania.

MY VENERABLE FRIEND :

AN occasional address is, I am well aware, much too slight an affair to be made the subject of any thing like a dedication; but I am anxious to use this page for an informal expression of the respect and affection, which had their origin during our joint services in the University. I do not here speak of what Philadelphia owes you for more than half a century's labours in the cause of education; my thoughts now turn rather to those impulses of hearty and unhesitating friendship and of self-oblivious generosity, which I, as a colleague, recall, and which are so remembered by your former pupils, that I can freely venture to speak for them as well as for myself. Our young friends of the Zelosophic Society, will, I am sure, rejoice to find your name connected with this occasion.

There is, let me add, no part of my professional life, which I look back to with so much interest, as the time when, on the retirement of our friend Bishop DeLancey from the Provostship, the undiminished responsibilities of the College were confided to a diminished Faculty, and it was my privilege to counsel and to act with such colleagues as you and our learned and indefatigable friend Professor Alex: Dallas Bache.

It was a partnership of labour, to which you contributed full as much of vigour and far more of experience than your younger associates: it fortified a friendship among us, which, suffering nothing by the lapse of time, has outlasted our official connection, now that you have retired from active labours in the College to the duties of your Ministry, and our colleague has entered on that great national work which his country has entrusted to him. If our friend, Bache, were now near me, he would, I well know, join most heartily in this expression of pleasant memories, and in my earnest wish for your enjoyment of the happiness of an active, useful, and honoured old age.

Faithfully and affectionately,

Your friend,

HENRY REED.

Philadelphia, June 15th, 1848.

ORATION.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ZELOSOPHIC SOCIETY:

WHEN I received your request to deliver this Oration, my first thoughts were that it would have been better for you to choose one less closely connected with you than I am. It seemed to me a pity that you had not followed the custom of inviting hither some less familiar voice to address you; but taking counsel from my unwillingness to refuse a request of yours, I sought in my second thoughts for some ground to hope, that in the familiarity which exists between us, there might be some advantages a stranger could hardly look for. Our familiar acquaintance will, I hope, help you readily to understand the spirit which animates what I may have to say; and it will enable me to address you in a manner more colloquial and unreserved than a stranger might feel justified in using. Indeed, I almost regret that what I shall say, is called by so formal a title as an *Oration*.

It seemed to me due to the feeling which prompted the invitation, that it should be accepted; and I rejoice in the opportunity of saying a few words respecting my personal relations with the students of the University now and in past years. In the routine of our daily intercourse in the lecture-room, there is, as we all well know, ample occasion for the exercise of kindly feeling between the teacher and the taught. Every day in college-life has the power of showing how far the teacher

can unite with firmness and fearlessness, those other qualities, apparently different but really kindred with them,—the qualities of sympathy, patience and affection. These are a teacher's great virtues; and on the other hand, to the student each day brings its opportunities for willing deference to authority, for cheerful subordination, and for docility that is at once happy, intelligent and dutiful. These are a student's virtues. If, as has been said, the "best portion of a good man's life," is "His little, nameless, unremembered acts, Of kindness and of love," the genuine friendship, which should exist between a teacher and his pupils, may be traced in the manifold, but minute indications of that discipline, which is as far from tyranny as from indulgence, and of that subordination, which is as remote from servility as from resistance.

The usual intercourse of a professor and his classes, gives, however, few occasions for the direct expression of the friendly feeling that may grow up between them; and I am, therefore glad, to acknowledge your appointment, not only as a mark of confidence for this occasion, but as a proof of that friendship which it has been my happiness to enjoy from my students. My young friends, I am proud of friendships that have had their origin in my recitation-room, and which have been the dearest recompense of my labours. I remember that, soon after entering on the business of education, I chanced to meet with this sentiment: "The human heart is capable of no more generous feeling than the genuine gratitude of a scholar to his instructor. It is twice blessed; honourable alike to the youth and to the elder, and never can exist where it is not just. But it is, at the same time, a melancholy instance of the pride of fallen nature, that this feeling is seldom uttered except where the pupil has, by general consent, excelled the master.

Intellectual benefits are more reluctantly acknowledged than any others. . . . Who is willing to own, even to himself, how much of his knowledge, how much of his mental power has been communicated by his teacher?" In this reflection, painful as it appeared, I found salutary warning; but while it prevented undue expectations of gratitude, it did not check the interest in the student's welfare. The duty of my office was to labour for his improvement,—to shape, so far as I had a share in the work, his intellectual and moral character; to strengthen and to store his mind, and in all my intercourse with him, to make a man as well as a scholar of him. Whether the labour would be successful or no, I could not tell; and if successful, still less could I tell, what return would be found in the form of gratitude. These were doubts that dimmed not the duty. After not a few years' experience, I may express something of the estimate I have formed of our students. In all endeavours to carry forward the instruction in my department, I have found a prompt and cordial spirit of co-operation. Whenever I have desired to lead the students into more laborious studies, they have been ready to follow, and emulous to bear the added duty. I have never been thwarted by reluctance; but when I have proffered to my classes new toil, which I judged beneficial, I have been met with the cheerful spirit of dutiful industry. Again, various as are the dispositions of classes, I have never appealed to the sense of honour, the sense of justice, the sense of truth or of duty, without finding the response I desired. As to the return of good feeling, it is enough to say that I have rejoiced to observe how our friendly relations begun here, have ripened into unofficial friendship, when manhood gives the student social equality with the professor. The only painful feeling I have had, has been the solicitude for larger opportunities of promoting the welfare of the students—

for power more commensurate with my desire to help them here and in their continued preparation for the early struggles in life.

In using this last expression, my mind is carried to the subject on which I propose chiefly to address you—the prospects and responsibilities that are before you on entering into active life, and the kind of preparation you will need for them. Putting myself into sympathy with your forward-looking thoughts, I wish to consider with you *the approaches to manhood in these days*.

My young friends, for even the youngest of you the business of manhood is not far off: in a little while each one will be his own master; and when manhood's first sense of independence comes, you will be surprised, perhaps, to find how much of seriousness there is in it; the more, as a young man's character is thoughtful and gives promise of future worth. The self-mastery may prove no mastery at all, but the misery of self-slavery, the very soul of the man in bondage to his passions, so that youthful subordination might well be welcomed back again. But that cannot be: there is no escape from the responsibilities of manhood, its difficulties and dangers. For you they are nigh at hand. What are they and how are they to be met? These are questions you cannot ask yourselves too soon; and I know not how better to employ this hour than by talking with you about them, with plain-spoken friendship, that shall neither wound you by its want of sympathy nor flatter you with false pictures of life.

You are looking forward, no doubt, not a few of you, to professional life. Well! that life is marked out into various

vocations, lucrative, honourable and beneficial. You will find, however, the avenues of every one of them crowded—thronged, so that each aspirant for professional employment, to say nothing of distinction, may well ask, “Where is there a place for me?”—“how many weary years must I wait—heart-sick, too, with hope deferred?” Others are looking to some form of commercial life: multitudes already are striving there, and the rivalry of trade is stimulated so high, that with mercantile enterprise there is ever running side by side, and with equal speed, the peril of bankruptcy. Again, a young man may push his fortunes, as the phrase is, beyond the mountains; but in the West as well as in the East, professional and commercial life are both crowded. The crowd and the competition are not the only difficulties: with them come dishonest artifices and all the unworthy means of success used by the unworthy; and often the virtuous, who will touch no power but a pure one, will find themselves outstripped in the career.

I speak plainly of these difficulties, but without exaggeration. They exist and they are increasing. What is to be done? It is well to look beforehand at difficulties, which must be met, were it only that the fear of them may be lessened by familiarity. It is needful also to look to the power of overcoming them. That power is to be found chiefly in your *education*, taking that word in its largest sense, as comprehending not only intellectual but moral training, and not only what is done for you, but what is done by you, self-discipline and self-culture;—all the influences upon your whole being, the body, the mind, the heart and the undying soul of man. My young friends, I have a great deal more in my heart to say to you on this subject, than there is time even to allude to. I must content myself with such suggestions as occur most

strongly to me, when looking on those, in whose education I have a share of the responsibility, I think of what is before them in life.

In the education of every human being, a very large portion of it is wholly unconscious; and perhaps no part of it better fulfils its functions, for to the growth of the mind nothing is more propitious than the docility of simple, unquestioning faith. It is with such spirit that childhood makes its wonderful acquirements in that early period, before formal education has begun. As the mind outgrows the condition of childhood and boyhood, it begins to have doubts, and can no longer bring to its work the cheerful temper of confiding docility. When the young man begins to shape out in his thoughts a course of life, he makes his plan the measure of his education: he asks himself—(I dare say, some of you have done so) “what use will this or that study be to me?” He can see no connection between it and his project of life: and he grows a-weary of it, and perhaps evades or abandons it. This is often a sad mistake. When such doubts enter, as they often do, into the minds of intelligent and ingenuous youth, it is the duty of wise education to remove them, so as to re-animate the student to his duties.

This mistake (and it is common to parents too) arises, I think, often from confounding the purposes of two departments of education—*general* education, and that which is *special* or *professional*. The value of the latter is easily perceived, because it is what prepares a man for the particular business of his life; but the connection between general education and a man's vocation in the world is not equally obvious, and therefore the importance of it is not so apparent. One mistake is in

not seeing that general education is not only introductory to professional education, but always auxiliary to it. It is for the want of the liberalizing influence of general education that the minds of even professional men are often so contracted, and so little in harmony with other minds. Every profession--every vocation is strengthened and elevated by some form of general education, the more complete the better. No business of life can healthfully shut itself within a magic circle of its own. That a man may pursue his profession with very contracted notions of it, and yet make money, I do not doubt; for the mercenary spirit will work out gainful ways; but unless animated by something better than the mere mercenary spirit, no man can do justice to a profession or even the humblest business in life. A genuine professional spirit brings with it large and generous views of a man's profession, and of the range of studies associated with it. General education prepares for this; and remember, too, that the professional man can never cease to be a student, and therefore has perpetual need to guard against the ever-present temptation of contracted and illiberal habits of study.

Another great mistake is to suppose that general education is valuable only as a preparation for professional education. A young man, with a true spirit of independence is desirous of some acquired capacity to support himself by the business he makes choice of: this is a just and honourable solicitude, but, let it be remembered, that earning a livelihood is not life, though often in men's notions of education, it fills the whole space to the exclusion of all other aims. Now the great purpose of *general* education, as distinguished from special, is to cultivate the whole human nature, for its prospect in time and in eternity; it is addressed to that which each one has in common with

mankind; it is to affect man as man. Instead of fulfilling functions, which stop not at the grave, it is too often made to play a servile part to professional education. Knowledge and discipline that might lift up the whole being of a man, might fill his human soul with large and lofty wisdom, because dealing with him as a man—a responsible and immortal creature, are cast aside with deplorable faithlessness, because there are demanded the immediate and measurable effects of such training as gives professional skill or dexterity in some particular vocation. There should be no conflict between the two departments of education; they are in real harmony, and should be made to act and re-act on each other.

Think, for a moment, how much every human being has to do, not only in his particular business, but as a man; in how many ways other than in his profession, he is bound to the community he lives in; how many duties he has to fulfil, over and above the duties of his profession; how much we have to do, and to suffer, too, in this life, for which professional preparation can be of no avail. If education is to do no more than help you in the work that is to give you bread, think how large a portion of life is unprovided for. No man can entrench himself in his professional relations to his fellow-men. The lawyer cannot be lawyer all the while; he must have other intercourse with men than as clients: the physician must hold other communion with men than as patients; he cannot be feeling the pulse, or writing prescriptions all his waking hours. There are a thousand bonds of social life, by which each man is linked to his fellow-men; every day discloses these associations, each one of which brings its duties, for the faithful discharge of which there is, therefore, needed that preparation which general education gives, and professional education

does not pretend to. Much as any one may have to do in his peculiar business, he has also a vast deal to do, as he is a man and a citizen.

There is another point of view, in which this duty of general education—the education of *human* character, may be regarded, apart from social relations. It is a matter between each man and the Giver of those powers he is endowed with;

“Sure, He that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and god-like reason, To fust in us unused.”

This was the warning of one great philosophic poet, and it is the deep-toned lament of another, that

“The world is too much with us; late and soon Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.”

Every capacity, that is in a man, is a talent given to him, to be disciplined, strengthened and improved; instead of which men suffer faculties within them to languish by disuse, to grow torpid and to die. No one can, without impiety, dare to say—“this or that faculty of mind is useless to me; I will cast it aside.” It is the work of well-directed general education, conducted by others or by one’s ownself, to guard against the unequal and partial cultivation of our power—the indulgence of narrow tastes, instead of that fullness and integrity of culture on which the real strength of manly character must depend, and without which men become such half-sighted, narrow-sighted, unsympathizing beings—illiberal in their own pursuits, and intolerant of the pursuits of others.

When men commit the same wrong in the use of their bodily frames, the evil that follows is a visible one. If one set of

muscles is habitually exercised to the neglect of others, there is seen the deformity of the shrunken limb or the distorted figure; or there may be seen the worse hideousness wrought by sensual excesses. What a sorry sight it would be, if we could behold the mind with faculties distorted or shrunken, or grown to unnatural size, or the spiritual ruin of mental debauchery! We should see all around us sights more revolting than now the eye shrinks from in a lazar house. Some, there are, who, indulging the undisciplined use of fancy, lose the safeguards of common sense and the practical judgment, and become vain and ineffectual visionaries: others, confining themselves to the logical or analytical processes, dwarf their minds into rationalistic scepticism: others, habituated exclusively to what they see and can handle, sink down into barren materialism:—or the imagination, which, guided by reason, and disciplined by severe thought, was meant in all to be ministrant to truth and virtue, is perverted to other uses, and so, as has been eloquently said, that high faculty is too often made to “turn away from its appointed task of spiritualizing the senses, and to stoop to the ignoble drudgery of sensualizing the spirit.”

The question may be asked how the large and safe and ennobling culture is to be attained—upon what subjects the mind in the large circuit of its powers is to be exercised, strengthened and disciplined? I say nothing on the choice of a profession, for in that important step there is, I am inclined to believe, generally very little free agency: the will is so guided and controlled by outward circumstances that a man's business is styled his *vocation* more significantly than people commonly think. Whatever it may be, a man can succeed in it only by zeal and industry, and with these qualities should be combined

a just sense of all the relations to other divisions of knowledge or labour. See, for example, the admirable combinations which medical science has in our own times wrought out for itself in the range of natural philosophy. But when professional studies are carried on, even in the most comprehensive spirit, liberal culture will look beyond them. If the turn of mind be towards physical science, a man may surely find some congenial subject amid the magnificent results which science is producing in quick succession, either in the knowledge of the earth under our feet, or of the elements around us, or of the planets in the remote spaces of the firmament. Other minds may find liberal culture more congenially in some of the departments of moral science, or in literature,—in history, for instance, for which this nineteenth century has done more, I believe, than any age since that of Thucydides.

In the work of liberalizing and elevating the character, there is always great gain also in the cultivation of what may be called "*the poetical temper* :—the culture of the imagination—the faculty which gives a sense of admiration for what is heroic in history, and what is pure and good in human nature,—which enables you to feel what is sublime and beautiful in this world of sight and sound, or in the world of art,—poetry, painting and sculpture and architecture. In one of the most admirable scientific minds of this century, England's most famous chemist, the poetic spirit was a large element of character: and I quote the words of one, in whom profound learning and a historian's stern sense of truth were united with the most strenuous practical earnestness and energy of character—the late Dr. Arnold, who said "Poetical feelings are . . . all the highest and purest feelings of our nature . . . let anything occur to put us above ourselves, anything to awaken our devotion, our

admiration or our love—any danger to call forth our courage, any distress to awaken our pity, any great emergency to demand the sacrifice of our own comfort, or interest, or credit, for the sake of others, then we experience for the time a *poetical temper*, and *poetical feelings*; for the very essence of poetry is, that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us into a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in. It is a good thing to doubt our own wisdom, it is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities which we admire; and here, as in every thing else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.”

In what I have said of liberal studies, let it not be thought that the least sanction is given to the vanity of universal acquirement, which is sure to end in superficial scholarship, such as has been likened to a sailor’s knowledge of the world, who sails into the ports of many countries, but knows no more than what he sees along the wharves or the docks, and what he hears in the company of sea-faring men like himself.

I know what jealousy there is as to any supposed interference with professional duties, and how timid some men are of its being thought that they give heed to anything else. Let me say, that, were it proper to do so, I could name men in this community, who have reached professional eminence—whose professional duties are never slighted, and with whom liberal culture, over and above what is purely professional, is a habit

of their lives. I could point to men engaged in commerce, active, thorough men of business, who have sought some scientific or literary subject to take an active interest in; and for so doing, they are better and happier and more useful men.

I have said that the liberal culture of general education is needful to every man, not only because he is a man, but because he is a *citizen*. Our American citizenship, giving as it does power, gives with it responsibilities. My young friends, those responsibilities are nigh at hand for you. There is an aphorism of Lord Bacon's, that the knowledge of the speculative principles of men in general between the age of twenty and thirty, is the great source of political prophecy. You are fast gathering into that class of men, whose opinions, according to this aphorism, are so influential. For you the approaches to manhood are in times, which are likely to prove momentous in the world's history. There is a mighty movement on the face of the Earth, that foreshadows peculiar responsibilities for the young men, who are now about to enter into active life. How are you to prepare for them?

We seem to be approaching the close of a period of long and general tranquillity, unparalleled in the whole extent of modern history, a thirty years' peace coming after a quarter of a century of war. Fields that were red with blood, have grown green again under the quiet influences of sun and rain, and the labours of the husbandman. Rivers, that were turbid with the carnage of slaughtered armies, have long been flowing purely and placidly; and the silence of the sea has been broken only by the cheerful voice of Commerce. The intercourse of nations has long been in friendship, and generations of men have grown up with only traditional knowledge of war and its atten-

dant evils. Suddenly the world is startled from its dream of security, and the long repose is turned into wild commotion. With no prognostics, no forewarnings, with no apparent cause adequate to account for such sudden and widespread tumult of revolution, kingdoms begin to shift about like clouds, dynasties sink out of sight, monarchs are fugitives or suppliant to their subjects, veteran warriors are bidding their countrymen to arms, and war is astir again in many a region of the Earth.

It baffles the knowledge of man to tell how all this has come to pass. So insufficient are the outward causes, there seems to be some power hidden from mortal sight or ken, at whose mysterious touch kingdoms fade away. In the strange story of the late Parisian Revolution, one of the most impressive scenes was, when in the Chamber of Deputies the last effort was made for the Orleans dynasty, when a mother with her fatherless children confronted the tumult to save the succession for her son, when just at the moment that the transfer of the crown appeared to be consummated, a single voice was heard, rising above all other sounds, and it said, "*It is too late.*" It was a voice: the story of that day's doings has not told us, who gave the utterance: the world seems content not to ask: it is only known that there came forth *a voice*, whose mysterious impersonality assumes somewhat of spiritual awfulness, when we think how at its utterance of four little words, the Orleans dynasty was annihilated, the heroic mother an outcast with her children, and the race of Capetian Kings that had swayed the sceptre of France for near nine hundred years, past away, probably for ever.—I have spoken of this incident because it appears to me peculiarly typical of the character of contemporary events.

In times like these, it is not enough to ask what is the news, and when the next news will be in. It behoves us to have opinions well formed, sure principles, and sympathies or antipathies, disciplined by conscience and reason; for each American citizen has a share in the duty of guiding and elevating public feeling. When the news of the late Revolution in France reached this continent, the first sense of amazement was quickly followed by a general and generous sympathy with a mighty popular movement, that almost without bloodshed achieved the overthrow of a throne, which—(it is sad to be forced to speak so of the aged and the prostrate)—which had sought support in ministerial corruption and the renewal of the crafty policy of the elder Bourbons of a hundred years ago. There was high-wrought enthusiasm of joy over the downfall of a selfish monarchy, and there were tumultuous hopes of freedom for nations yet in bondage,—feelings, which the calm speech of prose falls short of, and which may be better told in a genuine inspiration of poetry, that burst from the spirit of an American poet :

A GREAT voice wakes a foreign land,
 And a mighty murmur sweeps the sea,
 While nations, dumb with wonder stand,
 To note what it may be;—
 The word rolls on like a hurricane's breath,
*"Down with the tyrant—come life or death,
 France must be free!"*

"UPHARSIN" is writ on the Orleans wall,
 And it needs no prophet to read the word—
 The King has flown from his palace hall,
 And there the mob is heard!

They shout in the heat of their maddened glee;—
 (What sound can compare with a nation's cry
 When it leaps from bondage to liberty?)
 The voice sweeps on like a hurricane's breath,
 And the wondering world hears what it saith,
"France, France is free!"

The rough shod foot of the people tramps
 Through the silken rooms of royalty,
 And over the floor the mirrors and lamps
 Lie like the shattered monarchy!
 They have grasped the throne in their irony,
 And have borne it aloft in mockery;
 But as if the *ghost* of a king might be
 Still wielding a shadowy sceptre there,
 They dash it to earth, and trample it down,
 Shivered to dust with the Orleans crown,
 And shout with a voice that rends the air,
"France, France is free!"

Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come,
 When the nations to freedom awake,
 When the royalists stand agape and dumb,
 And monarchs with terror shake!
 Over the walls of majesty
"UPHARSIN" is writ in words of fire,
 And the eyes of the bondmen, wherever they be,
 Are lit with their wild desire.
 Soon, soon shall the thrones that blot the world,
 Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurled,
 And the word roll on, like a hurricane's breath,
 Till the farthest slave hears what it saith,
*"Arise, arise, be free!"**

* This vigorous lyric is from the pen of our townsman, THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, whose efforts as a painter and a poet are earning a name for him in two chief departments of Art.

Now, when the first emotions, thus strongly expressed are over, we must carry our thoughts onward into the calmer regions of duty. It is a prime duty of every young citizen of a Republic like ours to study the meaning of "Freedom;" most of all is it a duty now, when the earth is echoing with the cry of "freedom." We must find a higher meaning in it than mere exemption from bondage; we must make it something better than such a barren negation. It is a common delusion to think that, when freedom is gained, the work is done. It is just then, that the great work begins: then comes the question—"how will you use your freedom?"—"what will you do with it?" It is simply a power, strong for good, and strong—alas! for evil—"how will you employ it for the good of your fellow-men, and in the service of God?" Apart from its uses it is nothing, or worse than nothing: give it to the child, and it would be a misery: give it to the undisciplined passions of boyhood, or worse, to the criminal or the maniac, and it is a peril and a curse. But, encircled with its duties, it is the noblest worldly estate of man, his highest moral condition, simply because it gives scope for the cultivation of all the faculties of our being. Men often talk of it as if it were something more than a condition, a means, a power. How intolerable it would be, if men talked in the same way of health or wealth, boasting of health, and all the while sitting idle, or walking lazily about, doing nothing with a stout body, or using it sensually!

The common and mischievous delusion, which makes freedom a mere negation, and divorces it from its noble responsibilities, was combated, in a former age, by the conservative philosophy of Burke, and, in our own, by the liberal political philosophy of Arnold. It never was more important than now

for men, while they cherish the love of freedom, to deepen their sense of the duties of it. I know of no more instructive definition than that in the verse, with which Coleridge clothed the question,—“What is freedom, but the unfettered *use* Of all the powers which God for use hath given!” and, with equal wisdom, he has written, that “He alone is entitled to share in the government of all, who has learnt to govern himself; there is but one possible ground of a right to freedom, and that is to understand and revere its duties.”

Unless the love of freedom be an *active* principle; unless it be more than the negative pleasure of exemption from restraint, it must degenerate into licentiousness, or else perish out of the hearts of men, as a fallacy. It was but the other day that an eminent American Statesman, said in the Senate of the United States, with startling emphasis, that “in the early days of the Republic, no question of any magnitude came up, in which the first inquiry was not ‘is it constitutional’—‘is it consistent with our free popular institutions’—‘how is it to affect our liberty?’ It is not so now.”*

To a former generation, in our country, the love of freedom was, of necessity, an active principle, because they were thrown into a war for freedom. It cannot be so to us in the same way, simply because we have no such war to wage; freedom was won for us by our forefathers, and given to us by them: that was their duty, nobly fulfilled. Ours is different,—to preserve and to transmit, remembering always that as “The discipline

* Mr. Calhoun, in his speech in the Senate of the United States, January 4, 1848.

of slavery is unknown Among us,—hence the more do we require the discipline of virtue.”

While thus our civic duties are different from those of the former generation, our best preparation is in the study of that past era,—thorough, accurate, sympathizing study of the *heroic* age of American history. In the progress of nations one great element of their civilization has been the tradition of a heroic period: wild, fabulous and legendary, it has helped to lift up the hearts of nations. The Greek, the Roman, the Scandinavian, all felt the influence: in our annals, we have a heroic era, which stands in the clear light of historic truth; near enough to be the theme of authentic history, instead of fable and song, and far enough to have the dignity and the grace, which time bestows on the characters and deeds of men. There the citizen of our times may look for political wisdom, genuine statesmanship, dutiful love of law, even amidst the distractions of a Revolution: he will find the union of public and private virtues, heroism, true loyalty, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and reverential trust in God. Thus enlightened, thus elevated, thus disciplined, the spirit of freedom is in truth a mighty active principle, verifying what has been said with fine enthusiasm, that man was

———“created . . . to obey the law
Of life and hope and action. And 'tis known,
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, *those powers themselves become*
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities :
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness.”———

Especially now is it important for the young American citizen to throw his mind earnestly into his own country's history, and to deepen American feeling. We must cultivate the knowledge of the plain, simple, sturdy republicanism of our forefathers; or we shall lose the love of it amid the restlessness of modern movement, and the pageantry of the republicanism of other lands.

In urging upon you the importance of liberal study, I have looked chiefly to what hereafter you can do for yourselves. It is a matter of deep regret to me, that so far as the University is concerned, you will be obliged to depend so exclusively on your own preparation. I never part with a student on Commencement-day without thinking what a pity it is, that we have no systematic provision for that very important period of education, which lies beyond graduation. It is to be lamented that on that day the University parts forever with so large a portion of its graduates. The institution provides in its excellently administered Academy the thorough training and sound discipline, so needful in the education of boys: the Department of Arts, taking up the course, carries it on with the College Studies; and then if the graduate means to be a Physician, the University in another department provides for him his professional education; in that case a young man may enter on professional life after a long continued connection with the University;—it may be for as long a time as twelve or sixteen years, in the several departments. But if the graduate propose for himself any other business than the medical profession, he will look to the University in vain. The student of law must travel elsewhere for a law school to give him the highest advantages of his professional education. For the graduates who propose to devote themselves to the arduous vocation of

the teacher, the College might most usefully fulfil the functions of a Normal School, and, by associating them with us for a time, give them opportunities for educational practice, which should also be so much added strength in the work of instruction.—As I was urging upon you the value of liberal culture, beyond that which is professional, I could not but regret that we have no systematic provision for continued courses of instruction in the chief branches of science and literature. We are too dependent on the enterprise of itinerant lecturers, whose courses, meritorious as they may be, cannot, of course, be counted on: it is a matter of chance, when they come among us. A University in a large city, and with so many of its graduates continuing near it, might do great good by regular courses of public instruction. There are, too, among our own graduates, men who would be found accomplished lecturers in their respective subjects of study; and most desirable would it be, if persons anxious for information in any of the principal departments of knowledge, might find it here, in stated courses of lectures on the chief branches of Physical Science, on Political Science, or on Literature, or History, and especially that important branch of it, American History. A University in the heart of a city has peculiar means of continued usefulness to its graduates, and of enlarged benefit to the community. Another most valuable means of usefulness would be in the formation of a library, which should furnish such books, as the scholar and man of science cannot expect to find in general public libraries, and which it is the special duty of a College, and still more of a University gradually to collect.

I have spoken of difficulties that are in prospect for you on your entrance into active life; and I now turn to a brief retrospect, to see how those difficulties have been encountered by

the graduates who have gone before you. I can do so for your encouragement. I speak only of the graduates and students with whom I have had official intercourse. The aggregate number of such graduates is three hundred and forty-six. Having cherished, as far as lay in my power, continued acquaintance with them, here and elsewhere, I know for the most part, what has become of them,—what they are doing. Of all whom I know in that list of three hundred and forty-six I do not know of one, who has been lost by abandoning himself to the self-destruction of low and vicious habits. Considering the manifold moral perils that beset the paths of a young man's life, and the great variety of character, there is much gratification in even this negative praise. It shows, too, that there is a good deal of moral strengthening in the formation of character, by the perseverance in a regulated course of life carried on during the four years of a College course.

Passing to more positive praise, I see the students of former years at work in the world, and I see them thriving, "getting on" (as the phrase is)—it may be slowly, but still getting on with various degrees of success. In professional life, they are gaining positions of respectability and distinction. The ministrations of no less than six churches in this community are conducted by those, whom I have known here as students. I see others successful as practitioners in law and medicine, and in the latter profession, some with distinction as instructors of medical science. Some are vigorously pursuing the profession of general education; others are successful in the enterprises of commerce. I have seen the graduate carrying intelligence, and acquirements and energy into distant and uncultivated regions of our country, and making them useful there. I have beheld one, who uniting indomitable Christian energy with the

finest gentleness of spirit, went forth to encounter the hardships and loneliness of a frontier life, where year after year, with wisdom and single-hearted devotion, he has laboured, in his admirable mission, in the cause of Christian education. I have watched, too, with deep interest the military career of others, whom a few years ago I knew here, as now I know you in the recitation-rooms; and I have seen how honour was won by them, in the fulfilment of duties in that line of life, both in the arduous campaign in Northern Mexico, and in every one of those brilliant victories in the regions further South. Among the graduates who have gone before you, I see many prosperous, happy and useful men; and they are so by industry,—by the dutiful use of such abilities as God has given them, in some, intellect of a high order, and in others that no less useful talent, practical good sense.

The graduates of whom I speak, are still comparatively young men, for they are of the last seventeen years: but they have given an earnest of success that justifies me in speaking of them for your example and encouragement. I have lately seen the career of one brought to its completion, one whose character I could not do justice to, without going into a deeper vein of thought and feeling than I can venture on in brief allusion to him. I speak of the career of the late Charles Kirkham, as *completed*, for though I saw the grave close early over him, he had lived long “enough to teach Love, duty, generous feelings, high desires, Faith, hope, devotion: and what more could length Of days have brought him?”* It is right to remember him on this occasion, for he was a member of your Society, and, both as a student and a graduate, he took an

* Southey.

active and intelligent interest in its business. It is a just tribute which I understand the Society has paid by requesting one of its members, who knew him well, to prepare some appropriate record of his character. My own acquaintance with him began with my official life here, for he was a member of the first Freshman Class I was associated with: and from that time until his mortal illness, it was my privilege to know him intimately. He died too soon to be widely known, and in truth, any thing like notoriety was not possible for virtues, which shone with so pure and placid a light, veiled by a modesty and humility, which were among the finest graces of his nature. I might otherwise have presented his character to you as a model of that culture which I have this evening sought to urge upon you. To the special business of his life, the profession of the law, he gave his fine intellect with true professional feeling, expressed, as I find it in his own simple and manly language, when he said, "It is not honest to hold myself out as a guide and counsellor of other people, who may come to me with their troubles, unless I have done my best to attain that knowledge, which shall effectually serve them." With exact habits of professional application, he combined in just proportions, that liberal culture which gave completeness and elevation to his character as a man. As a citizen, he sought out duties for himself in some of our popular institutions, and he will be remembered as one, who laboured with no ulterior selfish view, but with the single-hearted hope of usefulness. He was a man of the people, in the best and highest sense of such a phrase; he would have died rather than flatter them; he would have died rather than neglect his duties to them. The character of Charles Kirkham was built upon a deep and ever-deepening foundation, a profound devotional spirit, that was the guidance of his daily life. It was the invisible strength of one, who in

he business of the world was seen an even-tempered, cheerful, active man, fulfilling his duties noiselessly. As I think of him, I feel the truth of a passage in one of his favourite authors, the Poet of "The Christian Year,"

" There are in this loud stunning tide,
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide,
Of th' everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
*Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.*"

My young friends, I cannot better part with you now, than by leaving in your minds, the mention and the memory of such an example, showing, as it does, that a man's education is to prove not only what he has learnt, but what he is, what he can do, and how it will fare with him, when this world's doings are at an end.

NOTES.

Pages 10-11.—This quotation may be found in the Life of Roger Ascham, in that volume of remarkable and varied interest, HARTLEY COLERIDGE's '*Biographia Borealis*.' I should have been glad to have had time to trace the result alluded to, to another and better origin, than the pride of fallen nature. One reason why the obligations to a teacher are not fully acknowledged, is that the pupil cannot fully know those obligations. Wise education makes very many of its processes unconscious; it does its work unostentatiously. The worst education is *passive* reciprocity; the best is *active* acquisition; the pupil is trained to help himself, and in this, how much help is given, the good teacher need not care to tell him. In like manner, educational discipline, which has been wisely defined to be 'the *maximum* of watchfulness, with the *minimum* of punishment,' is, in its truest form, unobtrusive and often imperceptible. There is an ostentatious sort, sometimes much applauded, which reverses the definition, displaying a *maximum* of punishment or of rigour, to make up for a *minimum* of vigilance, or for vigilance of a wrong kind.

Pages 15-16.—In his Tractate on '*Education*,' Milton has said: "I call a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

It has often recurred to me, as the sublimest definition of education ever uttered, that which Milton has given in the same treatise, when he says:

"The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

A thoughtful writer, of our own day, speaking of general education as a broad primary discipline of the heart and reason, has wisely said, that 'It is peculiarly the discipline of man, as man, not of men as they are limited and cramped by the forms and usages of particular callings. It is a discipline, the design of which is to enlarge the capacity of men for the reception and love of truth as such.'—MANNING's '*University Sermons*.'

Page 18.—‘*A man’s business—His vocation.*’—“In particular, we may most strongly presume the state in which we actually find ourselves, to be the calling wherewith we are called; or that to which our state naturally leads; or that which is nearest to it; which needs least effort or transition to attain it. Sometimes a man is so visibly sought out by persons or events, which, as it were, embody and represent the providence of God to him, that he cannot doubt that it is God who is calling him. The initiative is visibly in God’s hands: and he does but follow. Sometimes the choice is made for us by the act of others; and our will is forestalled, and moulded by early circumstances; sometimes a man’s own natural powers mark out his work for him; sometimes his attainments; sometimes the strange facilities which open, and invite him into one path rather than any other; sometimes the difficulties which spring up on every side, as a man turns himself till he has set his face in one direction; sometimes predominant and unaaccountable longings of the mind, or strong convictions of duty overruling wishes for some path more flattering and gratifying to a man’s hopes and aspirations; or again, the exigencies of the days in which he lives, or unexpected junctures of events, and the like; all these, and many more tokens which are hid in the secret economy of God’s particular providence, do wonderfully reveal to us at times the will of God, as if He were guiding us with His eye; and we seem to understand by a sort of intuition clearer than all reasoning, or rather by faith, which is stronger and more persuasive even than such intuitions, that this or that particular calling is the line that God wills us to follow, and therefore the end for which we are henceforth to live.”

In one of the most familiar passages of ancient poetry, a Roman poet has portrayed the common propensity to discontent with one’s business in life, and when he asks how it happens

———ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu *Ratio dederit* seu *Fors objecerit* illa
Contentus vivat?———

the question, which is half answered by the form in which it is put, stands in most instructive contrast with the thoughtful passage quoted above. When a man takes the low and heathen view of his profession, he is in danger of being easily disheartened, and of sinking into that restless discontent which the heathen poet has vividly described. That the higher and more Christian view brings not only greater happiness, but greater power, is well shown by the profound and eloquent author from whom I have already quoted:

“It may be said, almost in one word, that the crisis and turning point of our probation lies in deliberately choosing and following out some one aim, as the end to which God has called us. About men who have so

chosen their path, there is a unity of purpose, a singleness of heart, a concentration of all moral and intellectual powers, an intensity of decision, an energy in counsel and action, a superiority both to opposition and to allurements, which at once bespeaks a strength greater than their own. Sometimes, and in some measure, this may be traced to the native powers of the character: but almost always it will be found to result from the steadiness, and determination, and consequent enlargement of the natural powers, resulting from the fixedness and distinctness of their aim and purpose. Even men of the commonest natural powers, by the force of a choice well made, often accomplish the greatest works. What they have not in intellectual gifts, is compensated for in the moral habit. It is wonderful to see for how many high mental endowments, mere decision and calm perseverance will make up. Whatsoever powers such men possess, are united, and, therefore, concentrated and multiplied. It sometimes seems as if the human will alone (when in harmony with God's will,) could do any thing; as if it could put forth out of its own depths all manner of endowments. Even those which are not, either by nature or by acquirement, in the character, seem to wait upon a man who lives not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him. And it is not for us to say how such men may be gifted for the work to which they are called."—MANNING'S *University Sermons.*

Page 19.—The thought of the wonderful results of the inductive processes in physical science ought to recall some of the admonitions of Lord Bacon, such as when he said, "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."—"Essays." It is not only sage counsel on this subject that the author of the *Novum Organum* has bequeathed: as if foreseeing that the very success of the methods, of which he was the great expounder, would be attended with the peril of spiritual bewilderment amidst the multiplicity of secondary causes, he has left as a safeguard and a part of his philosophy,

"THE STUDENT'S PRAYER.

"To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit, we pour forth most humble and hearty supplications; that he remembering the calamities of mankind, and the pilgrimage of this our life, in which we wear out days few and evil, would please to open to us new refreshments out of the fountains of his goodness, for the alleviating of our miseries. This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as

are Divine; neither, that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity, or intellectual night, may arise in our minds towards Divine mysteries. But rather, that by our mind thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's. *Amen.*"—LORD BACON'S *Works*, II, p. 493.

Page 19.—It is not only for the number of eminent historians that the historical literature of the 19th century is remarkable: historical research has been conducted with more scrupulous accuracy, and a more genuine philosophy of history has elevated and enlarged the subject. Not only has the standard of historic truth been raised, but a truer character has been given to history by connecting the study of it with a belief in the doctrine of a superintending Providence,—by showing that it must be a record, more or less clear, of a providential government of the world. For this no writer has done more than he, who may be called the modern Thucydides, and of whose History of Rome it has been justly said:

"Arnold, without seeming aware of it, gives the moral and even the religious aspect in every page; he everywhere recognises the superintending providence of living, personal Deity, no dreamy, visionary abstraction of Fate or Fortune, but an all-just and all-wise God, whose hand is visible in the rise and fall of men and of empires, and of whose moral governance history is the sublimest exemplification. It is this full, living perception of the religious side even of heathen history, that so eminently and honourably distinguishes Arnold from all writers on kindred subjects. . . . It is . . . the unaffected, habitual view of a thoroughly devout mind recognising a right and a wrong in everything, and a personal Godhead ruling every event."—*The Ecclesiastic*, Oct., 1847.

Page 21.—This reference to Lord Bacon's aphorism is made at second hand, through a note of Coleridge's in "*The Statesman's Manual*." I make this acknowledgment for two reasons: first and chiefly because I hold it to be a duty to discourage, both by precept and example, the vicious practice of unacknowledged second-hand quotation; and again, because having failed in my search for such an aphorism in Bacon's Works, and remembering the curious phenomena of Coleridge's memory, I am uncertain whether the aphorism is Bacon's or some other philosopher's in the vast circuit of Coleridge's reading; or perhaps it may have been, unawares to himself, Coleridge's own.

Pages 25-6-7.—See Lect. VI. of Dr. ARNOLD'S '*Lectures on Modern History*.'

The author of '*Christian Politics*' has wisely and earnestly said:

"It is not freedom to live without law, or to be governed by our own aprices: no tyranny can be more terrible. But it is freedom, honourable freedom, freedom encouraged and sanctioned by God Himself, not to be shackled and impeded by man in those honourable exertions which would develop and exercise our faculties in as wide a sphere as Providence may permit us to occupy."

In the quotation on page 27, from "*The Excursion*" Book IX., there may also be found the subject for deep and hopeful meditation on the progress of freedom, for never did poet utter a loftier or more inspiring strain than this, in which Wordsworth proclaims the strength of our free active powers 'to subvert our noxious qualities,'—the purifying power of virtuous and dutiful liberty. Such is the wise hopefulness that issues from the soul of a great poet.

Pages 30--1.—The allusion in the text is to the Nashotah Missionary School, Wisconsin, under the direction of the Rev. *James Lloyd Breck*, a graduate of the year 1838, and a member of the Philomathean Society.

Page 31.—The name of Captain *John C. Pemberton*, of the U. S. Army, a graduate of the Military Academy, (previously an under-graduate in the University of Pennsylvania, and a member of the Zelosophic Society) may be mentioned as honourably connected with the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and the principal battles in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Mexico. The name of Lieut. *George B. McClellan*, U. S. A., (also a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, and previously an under-graduate in the University,) is also mentioned with much distinction in the official reports of the series of victories from Vera Cruz to the Mexican capital. Major *William Gilpin*, of the Missouri Volunteers (a graduate of the year 1833, and a member of the Zelosophic Society), had an important command in Doniphan's campaign, and is still engaged in active service on the northern frontiers of Mexico. Dr. *Grayson M. Prevost* (a graduate of the year 1842, and a member of the Philomathean Society), Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., was distinguished by his services during the defence of Fort Brown and in the battle of Buena Vista: on the latter occasion, being mistaken by General Wool for an officer of General Taylor's staff, he rendered important services as an Aid, in the most trying situations. This mistake, which caused his medical services to be overlooked in the first official report, called forth a special report from Gen. Wool, detailing the circumstances and recommending Dr. Prevost "for his daring courage and gallant bearing on the fields of Buena Vista." Dr. *Horace*

R. Wirtz, a graduate of 1842, and a member of the Zelosophic Society, also an Assist. Surgeon U. S. A., has served with credit with a division of the Army in California.

Page 33.—*Charles Kirkham* was a graduate of the year 1835: his brief professional career was spent in Philadelphia. He died on the 24th of March, 1848, in the 31st year of his age. The tribute to his memory, alluded to in the text, has been feelingly paid by William W. Fleming, Esq., in an Address before the Society.